

T H E
Oxfordshire TRAGEDY: 33
O R
The VIRGIN's ADVICE.
IN TWO PARTS

PART I. How fair Rosanna of the City of Oxford, was
seduc'd by a young Gentleman of her Virginitie.
PART II. His Cruelty in murdering her; and how a
Rose bush sprung up on the Grave, which blossom'd all
the Year through; and how the Muder came to be found
out, by his cropping the Rose, &c.



Licensed and Entered according to Order.



The *Oxfordshire* TRAGEDY. &c



PART. I.

YOUNG Virgins fair of Beauty bright,
 And you that are of Cupid's Fold,
 Unto my Tragedy draw near,
 For 'tis as True as e'er was told.
 In Oxford liv'd a Lady fair,
 The Daughter of a worthy Knight,
 A Gentleman that lived near,
 Was enamour'd with her Beauty bright.
 Rosanna was this Maiden's Name,
 The flower of fair Oxfordshire;
 The Gentleman a courting came,
 Begging her to be his Dear.
 Her youthful Heart to Love inclin'd,
 Young Cupid bent his golding Bow,
 And left his fatal Dart behind,
 Prov'd the fair Rosanna's Overthrow.
 Within the pleasant Groves they'd walk,
 And Vallies where the Lambs do play;
 Sweet pleasant tales of Love they'd talk,
 For to pass away the Summer's Day,
 My charming, lovely Rose, said he,
 Let him the pleasant Flowers spring.

As pretty Birds on every tree,
 With Melody the Groves do ring.
 Nothing want for to delight,
 My Soul but those sweet Charms of thine,
 Our Hearts are fix'd therefore, my Dear,
 Like the Turtle Dove let us combine.
 Let me embrace my Heart's Delight,
 Within this pleasant Bower here,
 This Bank of Violets for our Bed,
 Shaded with these sweet Roses fair.
 She said, what can you mean I pray;
 I am a noble Lady born;
 What signifies my Beauty bright,
 That's a trifle when my Honour's gone.
 My parents they will me disdain,
 Young Virgins they will me deride;
 Oh! do not prove my Overthrow,
 If you love me stay till I am your Bride.
 Sweet Angel bright, I here do vow,
 By all the powers that are divine,
 I'll ne'er forsake my dearest Dear,
 You're the Girl that does my Soul confine.
 And if you will me still deny,
 This Sword shall quickly end the woe;
 Then from her arms he flew straightway,
 In Fury out his Sword he drew.
 Her Hands as white as Lillies fair,
 Most dreadfully she there did wring.
 She said, My Death's approaching now,
 Should I Pity take and comfort him.

It only brings my fatal fall,
 'Tis I that must receive the Wound;
 The crimson Dye forsook her Cheeks,
 At his feet she dropp'd upon the Ground.

This Innocence he did betray,
 Full sore against her chaste desire;
 True Love is a celestial Charm,
 But the Flames of Lust a raging Fire.

But when her Senses did revive,
 He many Vows and Oaths did make;
 That he'd for ever true remain,
 And her Company would not forsake.

P A R T II.

NOW Virgins in the second Part,
 Observe this Lady's fatal End:
 When once your Virtue is betray'd,
 You've nothing young Men will commend.

After the Traitor had his Will,
 He never did come near her more:
 And from her Eyes both Day and Night,
 For his Sake the Crystal Tears did pour.

Into the mourning Valley she
 Would often wander all alone;
 And for the Jewel she had lost,
 In the Bower thus would often mourn.

Oh! that I was some pretty Bird,
 That I might fly to hide my Shame;
 Oh! say Maid for to believe
 All's fair Delusions of Man.

The harmless Lamb sports and plays

The Turtle constant to his Mate;

Nothing so wretched is as I,

To love a Man that does me hate.

I will to him a Letter send,

Remembering him of the Oaths he made,
Within that shady Bower, where

My tender Heart he first betray'd.

Her trembling Hand a Letter wrote,

My dearest Dear what must I do?

Alas! what have I done that I

Am forsaken and forgot by you?

I could have many a Lord of fame,

Who little knows my Misery :

I did forsake a worthy Knight

And 'tis all for Love of thee.

And now my little infant dear,

Will quickly spread Abroad my Shame;

One Line of Comfort to me send,

E'er I am by your Cruelty slain.

This Answer he to her did send,

Your Intolerance amazes me,

So think that I should marry one,

With whom beforehand I've been free.

Indeed I'll not a Father be,

Unto a Bastard you will bear,

So take no further thought of me,

No more from you pray let me hear.

When she this Letter did receive.

She wrung her Hands and wept full sore

And every Day she still would range,
To lament within that pleasant Bower.

The faithless Wretch began to think,
How noble was her Parents dear;
He said, I sure shall punish'd be,
Soon as the Story they come to hear.

So then the Devil did begin,
To enter in his wretched Mind:
Her precious Life he then must have,
Thus he to act the Thing did find.

He many times had watch her out,
Into the pleasant Valley, where
One Day he privately did go,
When he knew the Lady was not there.

And privately he dug a Grave,
Underneath an Oaken Tree:
Then in the Ravines he did hide,
For to act this Piece of Cruelty.

Poor harmless Soul, she nothing knew,
As usual she went there alone,
Upon a Bank of Violets, she
In a mournful Manner sat her down.

His Unkindness did complain,
At length the Grave she did espy,
And rose indeed to view the same,
While thinking that he was so nigh.
O gentle Gods so kind, said she,
Did you this Grave for me prepare:
Then descended from the Tree,
Young Strumpet, now thy Death is near.

welcome, welcome, she reply'd,
 As long as by your Hand I die;
 'tis is a pleasant Marriage-bed,
 I'm ready, use your Cruelty.
 May the Heavens bring to Light,
 Thy Crime, and thus let it appear,
 Winter and Summer on this Grave,
 May the Damask Rose in Bloom spring here.

Never to wither, though 'tis cropp'd,
 But when thy Hand doth touch the same,
 Then may the Bloom that Minute blast
 To bring to Light thy bitter Shame.
 Ere she'd have said, but with his Sword
 He pierc'd her tender body through;
 Then threw her in her silent Grave,
 Saying, now there's an end of you.
 He fill'd the Grave up close again,
 With Weeds the same did overspread
 When unconcern'd he straight went home,
 Immediately went to his Bed.

Her parents dear did grieve full sore,
 The loss of their young Daughter fair;
 Thinking that she was stole away,
 Unto all their Riches she was Heir
 Twelve Months ago this Thing was done,
 There's thousands for a Truth do know;
 According as she did desire,
 On her Grave a Damask Rose did grow.
 O many wonder'd at the same,
 For all the Winter it did spring;

If any one did crop the Rose,
 In a Moment it would grow again.
 The thing blaz'd the Country round,
 And thousands went the same to see,
 This Miracle from Heaven shewn;
 He among the Rest must curious be
 To go to see if this was true;
 And when unto the Place he came,
 The beauteous Rose he see in Bloom,
 And eagerly he crop't the same.
 The Leaves did fall from off the Bush,
 The Rose within his Hand did die:
 He cry'd 'tis fair Rosanna's Blood
 That did spring up from her fair Body
 Many People that were there,
 Took Notice of what he did say:
 They told him he'd some Murder done;
 He the truth confess'd without Delay.
 They dug and found the Body there,
 The first of April it was known:
 Before a Magistrate he went
 And now in Prison lies forlorn.
 Till he his Punishment receives;
 No Doubt but he will have his Due:
 Young Men by this a Warning take,
 Perform your Vows whate'er you do.
 For God does find out Man's Ways,
 Such heinous Things to bring to Light;
 For Murder is a crying Sin,
 And hateful in his blessed sight.

